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BARNABY'S BOY.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

The patient Barnaby sat by the fire,
Stupid and dull to the world around;
A pipe upon it, a basket near,
Let he mutttered oaths at the farting snow;

Wistful would turn the goose and the carver coax
A war from the wife, with her tongue so free,
And leave the anger with the cursing storm
To enjoy the pain we pure and white.

Close in the corner, with ragged coat,
With sunken cheek and with tangled hair,
Sat "Barnaby's boy," as hands coarse and rude
Crowded in the meanest and lowliest place.

He was nothing loving those who shunned and hated;
Nothing but curses and blows he knew;
But wonderful, watchful, unselfish,
Toiled the last of life for the work-loaves boy.

Nobody knew how and nobody cared
For the boy's existence, or whence he came;
Only he had known a mother's love,
A dear "—God night," and a loving kiss.

Mother or angel he could not tell,
But it was sweet, and he thought it sweet,
Then he asks forgot for a time his woe,
Hunger and blows and aching feet.

So he lived in vanish when it chanced he might,
Sharing the crust with the dog at his feet,
And wonder if she would come to-morrow,
And if he should seek her, where to go.

Drought old Barnaby his rue fire,
Drought old Barnaby his supreme joy.
To fill his pipe. And to-morrow
From the trembling hands of Barnaby's boy.

It needs not I should set the tale,
How the years flew on, and the children grew;
Or how through dark and weary days
The outcast fought the blinding snow.

Barnaby's boy laid down to sleep,
Worn with the cares of toiseless life;
Where there seemed like a glad rejoice,
And exquisite hope in unending strife.

He heeds lay still, the unbroken breast
Where the heart had been by the hidden eye
The outcast's soul, the only mate
Showed Barnaby's boy to be passed by.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1866, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.

BARAH, SIR. HAS AN EITTEN GOOD.

GRANTFORD GRANGE;
OR
THE GIPSY MOTHER.

By MARY KYLE DALLAS.

CHAPTER XII.

HAGAR, THE GIPSY.

Five minutes after Lionel's departure, Simeon Bliz had reached the door of the room, was on his way to Albany. He looked very pale still and had a terrified expression in his eyes, almost as much as one might expect to see on that of a ghost, who had returned to earth. What he feared, however, it was impossible to guess, for he had succeeded in keeping quite silent; his cool demeanor in the cabin; his head bent upon his hands, and his hat slouched over his eyes, and when at last he arrived at the destination, he left the cars and made the most of every moment until he reached a row of shabby houses evidently tenanted by the poorest class of people.

There his feet lingered and his eye wandered over the dingy windows and doors.

"Number 9—the first room on the third floor," he muttered. "This is the place. Hope none of my acquaintances are hereabouts, for it don't look over fashionable, and I wouldn't like to be seen goin' in. Fahr'n'ait I was born a sewell, and brought up one all along. I've got to figit for my stand, I have; though I'll have to pay.

As he spoke, Sim. Bliz looked around uneasily and glided into the low door with a quick step. Ascending the stairs, he paused at the door which stood open on the third floor and knocked; and obedient to his summons, it was instantly opened, and as quickly shut and locked again, and Sim. stood beside a tall, dark woman, whose hardened face reacted to a smile of triumph as the two exchanged glances.

"The hattrick succeeded I see, Hagar, whether I am safe to read the stars or no; I see it in your eyes, Sim. They favor your body."

"Yas," replied Simeon Bliz. "As far as I can tell, nobody dreams that the money we have picked up was Oaks Granford. If they'd an idea it was only the beginning, Lot Jones, that broke his neck on the tight-rope at a circus, I expect they'd have left it where they found it. But there's to be a grand funeral now, and the search will end with that. You're as safe to keep the brat as if you had him on the other side of the bursting pond."

"They shan't take him from me very easy, Sim.," said the woman. "Not very. That's that I'm so desperate fond of him—though I am proud of him, too; but I'd a-fight, and it made me mad enough to think of having a shiff of mine cooped up in brick walls and sleeping in rooms indoor air. I had a time quiling him too—for I had to take care I wasn't seen where I was known, though old Aggy had been up to the change a lot of times, talkin' nonsense to the servants, and had talked to the child 'til his head was full of running off and being a gipsy like found out they were going; to the Lake that day, and cast me. There's nasty places along there, and I knew I could manage somehow, but I came near missing it, for what did I do but come face to face with the young lady and the infant. I pretended to be asking, but they waved me up, and I just managed to get off before the gamekeeper came. I guess he don't know us, but she does. Old Aggy had had a talk with the boy, and he was pretending to find a chicken to get away and talk to her; and behold, what did they do but leave him alone and make it as easy as if they wanted of to baby-nurse him a week. Such

"Rot, master, shan't go. Hagar and Aggy—"

"Says he."

"Better than anything else. I'd have no books, would I?"

"Never a book," says Aggy.

"Hurrah!" says he, and he came in a minute. 'Only there's cry about me,' he says, 'and I hate to make them cry.'

"'It's a beauty, Sim., and like me, if I do say it; and how I want to ask you a question. What makes you take such a mighty interest in all this? How can it do you any good?"

"Friendship, Hagar," said Sim.—"friendship and solid long eyes, you know."

"Reasons," said the woman. "I know you, Sim. Bliz, and I know how much yes care for other people. You have a motive."

"Well, suppose I have, Hagar," replied the young man. "I don't mind telling you. I'm down in with your motive; you always wanted the child."

"I always said that," replied the woman; "but when you told me how he'd be brought up—a great gentleman, and the heir of Grantford, and how they were setting him against me so that he'd cast me, my blood boiled, and after I'd come to see him on the sly, and saw gipsy written all over him, and felt he was my own and not the little white-faced thing I thought he might be, I guess I knew how a tigress feels when her young are stole from her. I don't understand, and I care more than no harm to me so that I could kill them and never repent it, but there's something here that tells me that's my boy."

"Well, I guess you are right," said Sim., and looked down into the fire which burnt in the grate near which they stood. "But I'm saying is great gipsy waves low on her forehead, look purple, glazes in the warm light. Her cheeks were all aglow, her voluptuous lips were scarlet.

She was a splendid creature to look upon, and her beauty was of the kind that best suited Simeon Bliz.

"You're a pretty woman, Hagar," he said.

"Tell me news, Sim.—do," she answered.

She was not to be put off, and as quietly as she could stay at the Grange, after taking all the trouble to get there. You made bay upon the kidnapping and came the soft and sweet over him; and when Simeon Bliz was done, he knew the whole kind of your good luck."

"I'll tell you, Sim.," said the woman. "I'd as lief tell as not, so don't feel flattered by the confidence. I'd like to train up the boy to be a good deal like we do our pony in the ring. He wanted to be a gipsy, he says, Lot Jones. 'Hagar, ladies don't do so.' and 'Hagar, ladies never say this, and 'Hagar, when you're trying it in such a fashion,' and 'Hagar, when you see a waiting don't visit. You are on the trains behind the thickets, but take little steps like the ladies you see;' and I got wild and desperate, I couldn't mince and prink, though I could have loved him heart and soul, and did, when he waited with me under the trees and called me his 'queen' and 'his beauty,' and I'd a-proclaimed him, and says:

"'Take me as I am—gipsy blood and bone, and put up with me.'

"Then he went off again in one and say he hated the sire of the others, and he only selected him for my sake, and I was fortune to the servants, and had talked to the child 'til his head was full of running off and being a gipsy like found out they were going; to the Lake that day, and cast me. There's nasty places along there, and I knew I could manage somehow, but I came near missing it, for what did I do but come face to face with the young lady and the infant. I pretended to be asking, but they waved me up, and I just managed to get off before the gamekeeper came. He don't know us, but she does. Old Aggy had had a talk with the boy, and he was pretending to find a chicken to get away and talk to her; and behold, what did they do but leave

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"Well, I guess you are right," said Sim., and looked down into the fire which burnt in the grate near which they stood. Her long eyes, her lips were scarlet.

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"Hurrah!"

girls as pretty. Let Gerry off, and promise me you'll make no more pretence of thinking I—did what you know of, for it *is* pretence, Sim. I don't think I could shed blood. I saw the old man fall, and heard the shot, but I don't know who fired it any more than you do; and if I was on my death bed I should say the same, Sim. Say half of all the Grange brings me, and let Geraldine off, and you'll lose nothing. Read that, Sim.—just read it."

As Dick Osprey spoke, he thrust a letter into Simeon Blix's hand, and with his habitual movement—his face in his hands, his fingers in his hair—waited in silence.

Sim. took the letter, read it, and tossed it on the table.

"Bother!" he said. "It's just like a woman. Drive 'em one way if you want 'em to go another. Now if you'd said, 'You can't have Sim. Blix,' ten to one she'd have run after me. She wants to be coaxed to have her own way, that's all; makin' a fayver of what an't nothin' but the very thing she wants. 'Take her fortune, and let her be free!' More fool I'd be, when I could have her and the money too. 'Tan't the money, and 'tan't *her*, altogether. It's more'n this, I'm goin' to tell you.

"You see you know how I've risen, and I don't mind. There was a time when I was a tinker's boy, trampin' through mud and mire after my father. Even then, whenever I saw a grand fellow ride past us in his carriage, or mended tins before a great house, I said I'll be a gentleman some day; and I meant it. I would have worked for it day and night, but it was no use. There didn't seem a chance for anything but tinkering. There wouldn't have been, perhaps, if my sister Hagar—we had the same mother, but not the same father—hadn't made big eyes at Henry Grantford, and made him make a fool of himself by marrying her.

"She was a gipsy girl, and told fortunes, and stole chickens, like the rest; but she *was* a beauty. I suppose for a while she took a notion to living like a lady; but she got tired of it, and cut. *That* you know. But while she was Mrs. Grantford of the Grange I feathered my nest. Hagar and I hadn't been too fond of each other. We'd had many a fight. She could use her fists like a boy; and she'd called me many a hard name, and I her. But I caught her petticoat to climb by. I went to your uncle, and says I, 'I'm Hagar's half-brother.' I didn't expect to be taken into the Grange. I wasn't such a fool, brat as I was, but I knew I had a chance somewhere. He put me into the office where I am now—a boy to run errands, and do dirty work. I climbed up slow and sure. When you came I'd got to be a hand at figgers that couldn't be beat, and we was fellow clerks. I've passed you, and I'll be rich some day; but that an't all. I want to be somebody. Henry Grantford, Esq., was somebody; his niece is somebody; you are somebody. You an't worth shucks at business; you are nothin' at figgers; but they say, 'That's Mr. Grantford's nephew,' and get over the rest. When I'm rich I want 'em to say, 'He's connected with the Grantfords; he married that stylish girl at the Grange.' I'd like to date my letters like this here—'The Grange.' I'm bound to do it. There's other places, and other stylish folks; but I an't in with 'em, and I *am* with you. Maybe I'm handsome enough to catch a gal if I wanted; *but*, you see, I know what they call my origin is agin me. I know that. They say, 'Who's your father, and who's your mother?' If you answer, 'One went tinkerin' and stealin' about the States and t'other went tellin' fortunes and stealin' likewise,' they'd not consider it a credit to you. [illegible] that when I came to you, and says I:

"'Dick, you know what I saw a[illegible] I know. I've got a notion for your sister Gerry; and if I have *her* there's a reason I shouldn't say anything to lead to my brother-in-law being hung.'

"You went to her, and she promised there should be——"

"Such a child, Sim.—such a young, innocent girl! How dared we—how could we! I, her brother!"

"Well, you've got her a good husband, Dick. That's no crime. I shan't give her up. I've told you why. And you won't give up the Grange, as you'd have to if Otho was fetched back; and we're a happy family—all united and comfortable. Women are all alike. She don't want me 'cause she's bound to have me, that's all."

"God grant it!" muttered Dick; "and forgive me. But, Sim., the child may return and spoil all."

"Trust Hagar for that," said Sim., "and trust me, too. I'll take care of Otho, if she don't. Your way is clear. You haven't got to do anything but walk into the den of that old What's-his-name that has managed the Grange property ever since it was a property, and have it all settled. Come now—don't look down-hearted. Hurray, or something. Your trouble is about over; and I'm the man you've got to thank for it. As for the girl, I'll do a little extra courtin', and make her good-natured. She's piqued because I've neglected her, no doubt."

Thus Simeon Blix rattled on, and Dick Osprey listened; knowing the truth, knowing his duty, knowing how base the man he listened to really was, but yielding meekly to his fears for his own safety, his longing for a life of indolence and ease, and the innate want of principle and firmness which characterized him.

Sim. Blix had never feared that his plans would fail because of any heroism on Dick's part, but he felt doubly certain of success, when the bright eyes stared helplessly at him, and the nerveless fingers running themselves through the black tresses, shimmered white in the golden gas light; and with a bewildered, dreamy accent, Dick muttered:

"Well, well; it sounds plausible enough; and I'm not going to set up for a saint, after all. The woman is his mother, and has the best right to him; and I have the best right to the Grange."

CHAPTER XIV.

A NEW ARRIVAL.

"I haven't the slightest doubt his letters have been miscarried."

"Course dey hab, missus."

"And, no doubt, the dear boy has been expecting me for weeks."

"Sure nuff, missus."

"There couldn't be the least difficulty in establishing his claim. He has all the papers necessary, and poor brother has been gone a year. He didn't treat me as he should, Deb., but I feel a sister's regret for him. Oh dear! what's that? I'm so nervous!"

"Letting off de steam, missus. Mos' dere, I reckon."

"Yes; my swelling-bottle, Deb. It's in my bag. I'm quite overcome."

"Missus does look obercome, sure nuff."

The speakers occupied two seats in a railway car, which was just entering Pulaski.

They were an elderly lady, with a handsome though faded face, and rather a careless, not to say slovenly travelling-dress, and a very old mulatto woman, dressed in true Southern style, with short skirt, slip-shod shoes, and, by way of bonnet, a great red-and-yellow kerchief wound about her head, standing starched and stiff above it, and tied in a careful bow on the forehead.

The rest of her clothing was dingy, two holes in her stockings exhibited her black heels through the blue worsted, and her shawl had been used for an ironing blanket, and exhibited the scorched imprint of an iron on the back; but this turban was a wondrous specimen of laundress skill, and evidently the pride of the old mulatto woman's heart.

The lady reposed on one seat with her feet on another. The servant sat humbly crouched upon a well-stuffed carpet-bag. Beside her stood a basket, an umbrella, a lunch-box and a little flask. On her knees lay a shawl, a bag and a fan. Thus she had travelled for many weary miles, ministering to the wants of her younger mistress.

The lady, though past middle age, had yet a satin skin, soft, blue eyes, and a wave in her light, brown hair; but she either was, or fancied herself, extremely delicate and helpless. During the journey she had been fanned and shawled and unshawled a thousand times. Every five minutes a window had been opened or shut, something put under her feet, or behind her back. Her smelling-salts handed her; her comforts ministered to in some way; often, as it seemed, only for the sake of giving Deborah the devoted something to do. Even now, when, for some reason, her strongest feelings were excited, she still made them an excuse for a thousand physical wants, which others in like circumstances would have forgotten.

"My fan, Deb. There is the old church steeple—the dear, brown thing. I've been up there many's the time to hear the bell ring, on Fourth of July."

"Lors, now, missus."

"Yes, Deb., when I was a child, before Mr. Peyton courted me. Before I knew what a world of trouble this is. Oh, Deb., that oak was there, and the smithy under it, then. I wonder if Eben File keeps it yet. I suppose not. He would be so very old. My smelling-salts, Deb.; and *do* open the window. Take care of the things we're there. I suppose I can't do better than to go to the hotel awhile, and send for my son. I don't know how matters are exactly. I can't go direct to Grantford Grange."

"Zacly so, missus," said Deb. "Now, missus, take care herself. Bress me! what a poorty place. Lots o' trees and green things; but don't see no niggers. All white folks."

With the others, who stopped at the hotel, the lady descended, followed by her servant, and soon they stood alone, with their baggage about them—quite a formidable array of trunks and bandboxes, all marked, with white letters, B. Peyton.

"I almost wish we hadn't brought the nasty things," said the lady, as she sat down on the largest trunk; "but I couldn't disgrace my son; and who is to know I haven't any clothes to speak of if I don't tell them? This is just as heavy with the old newspapers as though it were full of silk and velvet."

"Lors, Missus will hab plenty silks bymby," said Deb.

"Yes; my son will see that I need nothing. Where is he, I wonder? At the Grange, no doubt; but it is strange I did not receive his letters. Oh, if any harm should have come to the boy. What a silly thing I am, to be sure. Ill news flies too fast for that. I should have heard—I should have heard long ago. And then, though not sturdy, he was always well. Deb., you must call some one to carry these things, and I suppose I shall have to pay anything they ask. We'll go to the hotel. I can see the sign yonder, in the old place. Oh, who is that? I think I know him. It is—no—yes—Mr. Helmstone, is't you?"

The pastor, for he it was, paused as he heard himself addressed and took off his hat.

"You called me by name, I think," he said.

"Yes, but you can't remember me, Mr. Helmstone."

"Not exactly," said the pastor, blandly, "but my little flock has been always dear to me. You are——"

The lady interrupted him.

"Oh, you must go back a long way—thirty years and more. Do you ever remember a wilful, naughty girl they called Beatrice Grantford, who took it into her head to be Beatrice Peyton, and made a moonlight flitting of it one fine night? Little Beatrice, who used to say her catechism to you before she was seven years old, and you called her a little dear. Oh, how time goes! Deb., my smelling salts."

"Beatrice—yes, yes," cried the pastor, clasping her hand in his. "How are you? How are you? Mrs. Helmstone will be rejoiced. And so this is Beatrice. We are all older. How did you know me?"

"I think it was your necktie. You never tied your handkerchief like anybody else," said the lady, "and your face is much the same. You haven't changed like poor me, though your hair is white, and it was only grey then. Dear, dear! My fan, Deb. And now, what about my son?"

"Have you a son? Is he here?" asked the parson, looking about.

"I have only one," said Mrs. Peyton. "Poor Godfrey did not live long, and I've never married again. You've seen him, of course. I told him to be sure that your house was the first he visited."

"I really do not comprehend you," said the pastor. "I'm stupid, no doubt. You say——"

"I say that my son would certainly have esteemed your friendship a favor."

"Dear Mrs. Peyton, I never knew until to-day that you had a son."

The lady clutched his arm, turning deadly pale, even to her lips.

"My son left me to come here months ago," she said. "We never heard of poor brother Henry's death until then, and of course, knowing how the estate is left, you know he is heir to all. We lived in Virginia. He wrote to me from all the stopping places, at last from Pulaski. In that letter he said, 'I am going to-morrow to Grantford Grange. My journey is almost over. I have had some *contretemps* which I will not bore you with until we meet, or I should have been there weeks ago.' Since that I have not heard from him, but I fancied his letters had been miscarried. Oh, Mr. Helmstone, what does it mean?" And Mrs. Peyton, though really faint, forgot to call for her salts.

"Your son may have been here," said Mr. Helmstone. "I suppose he has, but I have not seen him. In fact, it is likely. Oh, dear, dear, dear. Come home with me, Beatrice, if I may call you so still. I'll tell you all I know. Who is the colored lady? Come, Aunty, you'll be welcome, too."

"Never Mind Deb., Mr. Helmstone," faltered the lady. "The things will be safe, girl; only bring the bundles. No one will touch the trunks. Thank you; she don't need any help. Oh! ah, what have you to tell me? But I'll wait until I am under your roof. It's no good news, by your face. Poor, poor boy, where is he?"

And taking the clergyman's arm, Mrs. Peyton suffered herself to be conducted to the parsonage.

At its door Mrs. Helmstone met her, and recognitions over, the clergyman drew the sofa forward, and sitting beside Mrs. Peyton, took her hand.

"My dear child," he said, "for you are a child to me still, some strange things have happened. Changes have taken place of which you know nothing. To begin at the beginning. Your brother's first wife died two years after your departure."

"Poor thing," said [illegible] Peyton. "She was a sweet temper. I'll [illegible] that for her."

"I think he griev[illegible]r her very deeply," said Mr. Helmstone, [illegible] he was not one to sit down and sigh. [illegible]ok to leading a wildish sort of life, turne[illegible]rod, and had a host of riding, shooting, [illegible]ing, billiard-playing gentlemen at the Gra[illegible] the year round. Of course a widower as [illegible] and fine-looking as he, was considered a [illegible]ch to be sought for, but he took no notice [illegible]ny lady in the place, and seemed determin[illegible]o live to the end of his days without co[illegible]ing a second marriage."

"I should have th[illegible]t he'd marry within the year," said Mrs. [illegible]on. "But you never can pretend to know [illegible]. Well, sir?"

"He led this life u[illegible] some nine years ago," continued Mr. Helm[illegible], "when one autumn he went away from [illegible] with a party of gentlemen, and staid aw[illegible]ch longer than usual, though he always to[illegible] pleasure excursion in the fall. He came [illegible] one night. It was past ten o'clock whe[illegible] rapped at the door of this house.

"'Mr. Helmstone,' [illegible]d he, when I admitted him, 'I want your se[illegible]es.'

"'And welcome, [illegible],' said I.

"'Call up the cle[illegible]d light the church,' he said. 'One cand[illegible]ill do. There's to be a wedding there to-n[illegible].'

"He was flushed a[illegible]xcited. I think he had had more wine than [illegible]s good for him, and I fancied he was jestin[illegible] but he drew me out on the porch, and there [illegible]od a lady.

"'I'm in earnest,' [illegible] said. 'This is to be my wife.'

"I asked him in, b[illegible]e would not come. Until I and Mrs. Helm[illegible]e were ready, he stood in the moonlight wi[illegible]his arm around the girl's waist. He kept it [illegible]re while we crossed the church yard and aw[illegible] Abner Jones, the clerk.

"It was a singu[illegible]affair. Such a wedding was never known. [illegible]one present but my wife, Abner and myself; [illegible] the bride behaved unlike any other bri[illegible] and gave her answers with a silly, care[illegible] laugh. She was very beautiful, very da[illegible]and not a lady in her manners. People [illegible] afterwards that she was a gipsy. She looke[illegible], I am sure. After the ceremony was over [illegible]our poor brother kissed his bride passionate[illegible].

"'You are mine [illegible], Hagar,' he said. 'No one can divide us [illegible]in. People may talk as they like, and think [illegible] they like; we will never care. Come home, [illegible]agar.'

"He shook hand[illegible]ith me, leaving a double eagle in mine, and [illegible]ent back to a little carriage (a hired one) [illegible]at waited for them. And there my story of t[illegible]wedding ends."

"Henry was de[illegible], I think," said Mrs. Peyton. "Well, th[illegible] woman is at the Grange."

"No, my dear c[illegible]d. Many strange things have happened her[illegible] of late. A year from that day she left the Gr[illegible]e by stealth,—on the day of her child's chris[illegible]ing. No harm can have befallen her. She [illegible]st have departed voluntarily, deserting c[illegible] and husband without remorse, for she left [illegible]e babe behind her."

"A girl?" cried [illegible]s. Peyton.

"No, a boy."

"The direct ma[illegible] heir," cried Mrs. Peyton. "He stands in my [illegible]ear boy's way. No doubt he discovered that [illegible]nd returned to Virginia at once; or, desperate from disappointment, has wandered away, o[illegible] to sea, or done something dreadful. De[illegible], my smelling salts."

Old Mr. Helmstone rose and turned toward the window. He [illegible] there looking out upon the little garden [illegible]utes, then he re[illegible]

"Beatrice," he said, "the poor boy—beautiful, loving, little Otho, of whom I had grown so fond, is doubtless dead. He disappeared in the most terribly mysterious manner some weeks ago. His garments were found on the lake shore, and a few days afterwards a little body was washed up. It was terribly disfigured, past all human recognition, but the color of the hair and eyes, and the general proportions, left no doubt in any mind but one that it was that of little Otho Grantford; that one was my wife here."

"Yes, I doubted it, and doubt it still," said Mrs. Helmstone. "I could not think of the poor little corpse as that of Otho. I have no proof, but I feel sure even as I speak, that whether our pretty darling be dead or living, that was not his body. You can't convince me, my dear, say what you will, any more than anyone can convince me that Lionel Malcom would harm the boy."

"Beatrice, my dear, you don't know half the dreadful story yet. They suspect the tutor, a sweet, sweet young man, so handsome and so good, and such a favorite of mine, of the dreadful deed.

"He was incapable of any wicked act, I know, though appearances *are* against him if the child is really dead, and Archibald suffers agonies because he introduced him to the Grange. Why, where, I ask him, could he have found any one better fitted for poor Otho's tutor and friend than Lionel appeared to be; and if we were both to blame in trusting him, we would have been more to blame in doubting him.

"We didn't know who his grandfather was, it's true, nor where he was born; but why should that affect our judgments? It's not Archibald's fault, and he does wrong to think it is, and fret himself into the grave. He's growing thinner every day."

"My dear, I *was* to blame," said the old man, "and I should have known more of Lionel; but I confess my trust in him is unshaken, and my greatest anxiety is for his safety. There are fearful evidences against him—evidences which will be proofs to any jury, I fear; and though I feel and hope that he is innocent, what will that avail? Convicted of so horrible a crime, but one fate awaits him."

Mrs. Peyton listened without emotion. When the old man had done speaking she simply shook her head with an expression of polite condolence on her features, and said cheerfully:

"But if he really has murdered the poor little wretch, there's no one in Howard's way, you know."

"Gracious, Beatrice, you speak as though you'd be glad to know your little nephew had been assassinated," cried Mr. Helmstone.

"My nephew! Well, I declare! How odd! I never thought of that before," said Mrs. Peyton. "So he was. And when we take possession of the Grange I shall wear the deepest black and make Howard put a crape band around his hat. I'm not anxious about the boy now, because I know his disposition so well. He built on being in the position he was born to occupy, and, of course, couldn't act sensibly and come back to tell me the truth like a Christian. However, I'll advertise: 'Howard Peyton is requested to meet his mother at the Grange,' or something of that kind. Poor Otho! So he was my nephew—poor dear child! How many afflictions and bereavements overtake us. I was born to suffer. Deb, fan me—very gently. I really am quite overcome."

At this instant the bell rang, and in a moment or so a servant entered with an envelope, which Mr. Helmstone opened with nervous hands.

"What is it, dear?" asked the old lady.

"The subpœna, Dorothy," replied the clergyman. "I expected it, but it shocks me, and I can be of so little use. My evidence is worth nothing, and yet——"

"And yet may harm poor Lionel," cried the old lady. "Oh, do be careful, Archibald. Am I to go also?"

"Yes," replied the husband.

"Very well," said Mrs. Helmstone. "I'll do him some good. I'll tell them how I like him and to look what sweet true eyes he has, and——"

"Dear me!—excuse me for interrupting you," said Mrs. Peyton. "But really I didn't know the wretch was yet to be tried."

"He is *not* a wretch," said Mrs. Helmstone. "Anybody is one who says so."

"Softly, softly, Dorothy," said the old man. "Beatrice never saw him. She judges as I fear all will judge, save you and I."

"Well, if he did it, he is a wretch, you know," said Mrs. Peyton. "This Mr.—whatever his name is—is not tried yet, you say; when he is, I want to be there. I've a right to be, for Otho was my nephew. They can't keep me out if they want to. I will feel dreadfully, of course; but it's my duty to go—and I will. Deb, a little more cologne on my handkerchief.

"I suppose you can lend me a bonnet, Mrs. Helmstone; for my own is ruined by the journey; and, to tell the truth, I've been pinched ever since poor Mr. Peyton died; and Howard's education cost me so much that I haven't a decent thing to wear after paying travelling expenses. I don't mind telling you, for I shall be mistress of my son's house so soon now. Poor boy! I wish he were here to-day."

"Dinner, my dear," said Mrs. Helmstone. "The bell is ringing. Take Mrs. Peyton in, will you. Come, Deb., I'll show you the way to the kitchen, and mind you make Martha give you a good meal. You look worn out."

"Oh, Deb. can wait," said Mrs. Peyton. "She always stands behind my chair at dinner."

"She can't now," said the old lady; "she's tired to death. If you want any one to do anything for you it shall be done; but this woman needs rest and her dinner. Come, aunty."

And the door closed behind them.

Mrs. Peyton laughed feebly.

"Ha, ha! How droll. Deb. will begin to think herself a white lady, I expect. What odd ideas you have up North, to be sure!"

And accepting Mr. Helmstone's arm, she allowed him to conduct her to the dining-room, where by this time Mrs. Helmstone had taken her seat at table, and where she rather impatiently listened to a blessing, into which the clergyman almost unconsciously allowed a prayer for the poor prisoner, in whose innocence he so fully believed, to intrude itself.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

CAUGHT AT LAST.

"Come along, Stanley; I'll introduce you to one of the prettiest girls in the room."

So saying, Mr. Bell drew his friend's arm through his, and together they picked their way amidst a throng of people towards a young lady, standing near a table, looking at some rare exotics in a vase. A tall, queenly, handsome girl, with jetty hair and bright, dark eyes, that met Frank Stanley's with a questioning, anxious look in them that he did not comprehend. Other young ladies would blush and look down, when the fashionable, not-to-be-caught, Mr. Frank Stanley was presented to them. Miss Mollie Anderson, on the contrary, didn't appear in the least overcome with the manifold charms of our all-conquering hero; she accepted his invitation to dance the next set of quadrilles, just following, in a quiet, mat[illegible] as though dancing with Frank Stanleys innumerable had been the business of her life.

Mr. Bell, having effected the introduction, watched the young couple taking their places at the head of the sett, and turned away with a quiet, meaning smile. Mrs. Bell's parties were very pleasant ones, enjoyed equally by young and old; the rooms were never too full, the company always well selected, the music fine, and the suppers unexceptionable.

Mrs. Bell having no children of her own to settle in life, was never so happy as when projecting and helping on matches between her young friends.

For some years Frank Stanley had completely baffled all her well laid, long plotted schemes for him. She had introduced him first to all the girls she became acquainted with. Pretty girls, and rich girls, and girls who united both virtues, were equally powerless. The young gentleman was polite and attentive, but never more so to one than another. In fact, Frank Stanley was cautious and long-headed beyond any young gentleman Mrs. Bell had ever met with. His self-conceit and appreciation of the advantages and position he owned were great; so much so, that mothers and daughters had given up trying to please him in positive despair—declaring that he was too particular, and would never find a girl blessed with the numberless perfections required in the future Mrs. Stanley.

Frank himself never troubled his mind about the matter. He was not blind to the nice little traps set for him by his kind friends, and escaped them all so politely and quietly that no one could even accuse him of a harmless flirtation. The secret of all this was that Mr. Stanley had a mother, a pattern of her sex. Besides, Mr. Stanley was an only child. Mrs. Stanley, perhaps without being aware of the fact, did more to prevent her son from choosing a wife than her friends gave her credit for. Frank was in business for himself, doing well. His parents were in easy circumstances, and having every comfort and luxury in his mother's house, he never thought of, or felt the want of a home of his own. As long as he could remember, he had been surrounded with the little attentions and cares a fond mother can so well bestow. His wishes were studied and gratified; his caprices and whims humored. He was the autocrat in all matters where his advice could be taken. Out of his home it was the same thing. Nothing could be planned or carried out among his chums, unless Stanley had a voice in it. He was wanted on fishing and shooting excursions, pic-nics and boating parties; while invitations for operas, balls, concerts and sociables, crowded his mother's card-basket.

No doubt, had he been poor, and struggling manfully to attain a place in society, his efforts, no matter how deserving, would have remained almost unnoticed. His good looks and easy manner might have helped him on; for in our ball-rooms young men are always at a premium; but the dance over, his company would have remained unsought after until the necessity for gentlemen to fill up a quadrille occurred again. Happily for Frank, he was put in possession of all his advantages, with little or no effort on his part. His father's ample means had smoothed the path of learning for him, and started him in a profitable business. His personal advantages, added to his worldly ones, gave him his place in society. His disposition and temper were good, which was natural. He had never been tried sufficiently to test them. It is easy to be cheerful and good-natured when everything is going on exactly as we would have it.

Several times, when Frank had spoken in high terms of some young lady he had been spending the evening with, Mrs. Stanley had set herself to work to find some antidote for Frank's admiration. She generally managed to discover some disadvantage or other connected with either the young girl herself or one of the family. It is rather difficult to find a young lady not only faultless herself, but belonging to a family whose every member possesses the same virtue. So far, neither Mrs. Stanley nor her son had attained what they required. Mrs. Stanley was not in every particular actuated by love for her paragon of a son, and his welfare. She feared a rival in her house. What should she do, with a young, handsome daughter-in-law usurping her place in Frank's affections, and perhaps causing a break in the family; for the house was hers, and she was determined to be mistress of it while she lived. Was it not to be expected that Frank would fit up a little home of his own, and leave her and his father to their own society for the rest of their days. Therefore, Mrs. Stanley, while trying to blind herself to her own selfish desires, deceived none of her outside acquaintances, who, one and all, read her motives, and saw through her excuses with equal readiness.

On the night of Mrs. Bell's party, Mrs. Stanley was safe at home, and Frank was busy studying Miss Mollie Anderson's bright eyes and novel character. Never in his life had he met such an indifferent, self-possessed young lady. She took his attentions as if she wished him in Jericho, and piqued him by giving her attention to what was taking place in the room, instead of having ears and eyes for no one but him. She made several mistakes in the dance, and completely destroyed the effect of his steps, and he particularly prided himself on his way of going through the Lancers. He certainly felt mortified at being put out in this way, but she didn't gratify him by excusing herself; on the contrary, she didn't notice what she had caused by her blunders.

She totally refused to try the polka or gallop with him, giving as an excuse her want of practice in fancy dances. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, she attracted him, and charmed him by her remarks, for, though few and far between, they were worth hearing. He discovered, before the end of the evening, that she was a distant connection of Mrs. Bell's, making her first visit to New York from some small town in Connecticut. The next morning he described her to his mother at the breakfast table, and rather startled that good lady by the minute description he gave of her dress, appearance and manners. Mrs. Stanley appeared very much interested. Opposition was not her weapon of defence. She mentally made up her mind, however, to pay Mrs. Bell a visit, and inspect with her own eyes this new attraction of Frank's.

About the same hour Mrs. Bell and Mollie Anderson sat lingering over the breakfast table, trifling with its contents. Mr. Bell had left for down town, and the two ladies were tired after the exertions of the previous night. If Mollie looked pretty the night before, in full party dress, in her neat morning wrapper she could not be said to deserve the title less. Her eyes were not very bright, owing to the late hours and want of sleep, but her massive coils of hair, twisted round the handsome head, were a sight for all admirers of that useful ornament.

"Now, Mollie, don't despair," Mrs. Bell was saying. "I tell you that accomplishments and beauty, that is, of an extraordinary kind, are quite thrown away on Mr. Stanley. Now I'll prove it to you. Last winter, I had a young lady here on a visit with me for three months, and more than one thought that Frank was caught at last. I never met such a girl. She was as beautiful as one of the heroines in the old romances, and accomplished far beyond any girl in the circle of my acquaintances. Well, what did it all amount to? Her family was really one to be proud of, perfectly unexceptionable, and what do you suppose Mrs. Stanley found as an excuse for Frank not trying to keep her here? Why, 'her family was so large—three brothers and a sister—poor Frank would have them all on his hands to take care of and provide for.' Mrs. Stanley managed to break off the intimacy, and Frank is still as far from matrimony as ever."

"I wonder," laughed Mollie, "what Mrs. Stanley would think of my family? Why, there are ten of us."

"A fact," said Mrs. Bell, "that you must keep to yourself; just let me have charge of Mrs. Stanley. I know that if Frank mentioned you at all to her, she'll be here to-day to find out all about you. Just leave her to me; and if you admire Mr. Stanley, don't refuse his attentions."

"The idea of my attacking him," laughed Mollie again. "My private impression of him is, that he is a regular flirt, and that novelty is the only attraction for him. So good by, auntie, I'm going up to get ready for a walk; my head aches furiously."

Mollie left the room; and Mrs. Bell, in spite of Mollie's declaration to the contrary, commenced revolving in her head a plan whereby Mollie was to become Mrs. Frank Stanley.

In the course of the afternoon Mrs. Stanley arrived, and was introduced to Miss Anderson. She was quite puzzled, wondering what Frank found to admire in this young girl. It was not to be denied that she was handsome and agreeable; but she was nothing more as far as Mrs. Stanley could discover. She sat quiet, only replying when asked a direct question. "Did she play?" No, she had never learned, having no taste for it. "Did she sing?" No, she had no voice for singing. "Was she fond of dancing?" Not very. "Did she like amusements, such as theatres, concerts, operas?" Not at all; she preferred home and a book. As far as Mrs. Stanley could learn, she was a yielding, rather timid girl, without money, without many friends; only her beauty and her knowledge of housekeeping and domestic matters to recommend her. Mrs. Stanley went home quite easy in her mind; there was no danger there. Frank might like her very well as a friend to pass a pleasant evening with once in a while; but he had other ideas of what his wife should be.

Thus it happened that as the days and weeks went over, Mrs. Stanley didn't trouble herself any about Miss Anderson; and when Frank would remark in a casual manner that he had been "down to Mrs. Bell's the night before," she mentally concluded that that at least was a very safe place. What was her surprise when, one morning, Frank pushed aside his plate and quietly informed his parents that he was engaged to Miss Anderson, and would like them to call on her that evening and welcome her as their future daughter.

So it turned out that Miss Anderson had won the coveted prize. Her indifference had piqued him and excited in him the determination to make her like him. Before he wished it, or was prepared for it, he discovered that in trying to gain her heart he had lost his own. He proposed and was accepted. Mrs. Bell was jubilant, and took a great deal of the credit to herself.

Mrs. Stanley, having recovered her surprise, set about making the best of it. After all, she reasoned, perhaps Frank had done better than if his choice were a rich, accomplished girl, with a large family to be always interfering and meddling. This girl, she thought, being poor, without influential connections, fond of home and domestic affairs, unaccomplished, timid and yielding, would be satisfied to live under her rule and management. So she went about

the necessary arrangements, in the house and out. She patronized her fellow daughter in the kindest manner; invited her to her house, introduced her to all her friends, and was becoming daily more and more satisfied with Frank's choice.

Meantime Mollie was all that could be desired—gracefully yielding, on all occasions, her own pet wishes to the wear ones of her future mother-in-law.

"Where do you want way, Mollie," Mrs. Bell would remark, "your hair will come one of these days."

When the question of a bridesmaid came up, Mrs. Bell made some remarks about Mollie's family not being from the Mrs. Stanley gathered that they hadn't time or money to come up for the wedding; and of all her acquaintances would be present of the bride's family. Mrs. Stanley, therefore, chose a bridesmaid herself, and Mollie was perfectly satisfied.

The ceremony over, the young couple returned home. The bride left everything in Mrs. Stanley's hands; she chose her dresses, named her visiting acquaintances, and for three months carried everything her own way. Then she passive, obedient young wife, strong in the possession of her husband's heart, commenced to show signs of having a will of her own. She had a very sweet voice, Mrs. Bell advised her to have it cultivated—her husband was so passionately fond of music. Mrs. Stanley rather disliked the idea; it was expensive; and, if her husband had been satisfied with her without the accomplishment, what was the necessity of spending hours in acquiring it, that might better be devoted to household duties. Mollie appealed to her husband, and carried her point. Mrs. Stanley was offended, not more with the cause of dispute, as with the idea of her advice being thrown away and disregarded.

By-little and little the breach grew wider between the two ladies. There was no outward quarreling; only Mrs. Stanley or Simeon and Mollie always succeeded in having her own way. Frank always took his wife's part as the case to an open argument. And, before the year was out, this happy couple were established in a neat little house of their own. Mrs. Mollie was not content with a moderate one, and where one of her family was always in a state. Mrs. Stanley received at the endless train of brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles, cousins, and dear old friends that Frank and Mollie were ever entertaining. The worst of it was that Frank actually liked them all, and took a particular fancy to Mollie's elder brother John.

The next thing was that Frank took John into business with him, and left Mr. Bell alone in his house.

Everything came about so quietly, that Mrs. Stanley had no chance to find fault. If Mollie was at the root of all, she was as much an invisible influence that Mrs. Stanley had no rest to take to task her. Frank, however, his shoulders were broad enough to bear all her remonstrances at the doings of his wife and her family. She became almost tired of hearing about them, and only

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THE POET COWPER.

BY ALFRED FARMER.

It is a strange story, the life of William Cowper. His was one of those sweetest and truest of poems; yet, even while writing it, he had been gnawed, he was a veritable vulture.

He was born in 1731, the son of a father, a clergyman of the Church of England, was a member of a powerful and aristocratic family, and his mother was descended, through a distinguished line of ancestors, from Edward III., King of England. He was a shy, sensitive, motherly boy, peculiarly needing and craving the tenderness of caresses; but when he was six years of age she died suddenly at the age of thirty-three. Fifty years after, he said that scarcely a day had passed since her death in which the form or the thought of her, "such was the impression her tenderness made upon me," was not one of the most exquisite of his short poems he says:

"I heard the bell tolled on the burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu."

The death of his mother was the first scare a calamity to him because it led to his being sent away from home to a boarding school, an English boarding schools of that day it was the established custom for the boys to be severely flogged, else over the younger ones, compelling them to black the fagging masters' shoes, and run and go of errands. If a small boy complained to one of the teachers, he would be so severely ridiculed, so despised as a coward and tell-tale, that he could scarcely endure his life. Nor would the teacher interfere, unless the little mont had been such as to endanger life or health. Consequently, the most appalling cruelties could be inflicted upon a timid, small boy, and kept up even for years, without any one knowing it, who could tell on a man as it. Such was the fate of William Cowper, when, at

[illegible]

One great bride, aged fifteen, singled him out for special torture. He was the youngest assessment of this boy to torment him. "His strange weakness of nose," he says, "which expressed such a dread of his figure upon my mind, that I very often, being afraid to lift my eyes upon him lighter than his knees, and that I have taken by the hair of my head, or by any other part of his dress." The recollection of that period was so painful to him that he could not prevail upon himself to write out a detail of the particular acts of cruelty of which he had been the object. These cruelties were persisted in secret for two or three years, and the little gentleman had too much of the pride of his caste to tell of them. It ought, however, they were discovered, the monster was expelled from the school, and Cowper was taken away from it. It may be that his terrible sufferings at this time were the primary cause of his subsequent insanity.

He was more fortunate in his next school, which was the great and famous Westminster School in London. From that time forward he was a happy and industrious member of this establishment, where he stood equally high in the esteem of teachers and companions, since he excelled both in Greek and at cricket. His words verses in Latin, Greek and English, and often carried away the prize awarded for such exercises. Probably the happiest years of his life were the six which he passed at this school.

Leaving school at eighteen, he was placed in the office of a solicitor, with a view to his selecting, in due time, the legal profession, for which his mind being entirely devoted to literature, and not possessing to be repugnant upon any profession for his livelihood, he never made the least pretence to study law, but spent his time in over his favorite Latin and Greek authors and in idleness. He passed three years in this desultory way, during which time he was called to the bar. At the usual age, he fell in love, and his love was warmly returned. The object of his passion was his own cousin, a young lady of beauty and worth. Her father, after conferring their mutual attachment, put an absolute veto upon the marriage, on account of their near relationship, alleging their nearness of kin as the reason for his refusal. He did not, however, state the evident unfitness of this man of letters, who had scarcely means enough for his own support, to undertake the responsibilities of married life. The lovers submitted to their fate, and, though still loving, never saw one another again; nor did either ever marry.

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Two highly honorable and very lucrative offices connected with the House of Lords fell vacant, one of which was that of Reader to the House. The right of filling these offices belonged to a member of Cowper's own family. This powerful relation called the poet out of his chambers one morning, and made him the offer of both the vacant places. His first emotions were those of gratitude and joy, and he accepted the offices without hesitation. But an instant after, when the thought occurred to him that one of the duties of one of the places would be to read aloud in the House of Lords, a kind of terror seized him, and he returned to his room, thoughtful, alarmed and dejected. The more he considered of it the worse he felt, until, after enduring for a week, by day and night, a torment of apprehension, he revealed his state of mind, and begged to be allowed to resign the readership, which was much the more valuable office, and to keep only the one which was more suitable to so shy and sensitive a person. After much persuasion, this boon was granted to him, and he was told to prepare for his examination at the bar.

But now a new terror seized him. As there was some opposition expected, he was informed he would be subjected to a very severe public examination, and he was advised to make the best use of his time by studying the statutes with his future duties. The prospect of having to appear at the bar was terrible to him, and there give public proof of his knowledge of the business of legislation, and he now plunged him again into the abyss of despair. "They whose misfortune it is to have formed like mine, to whom a public exhibition of themselves is a mortal poison, may have some idea of the horrors that I suffered in contemplation of the near approach."

Months passed by, and still he could not bring himself to undertake the appalling duty; but he could be subjected to a severer test of cruelty. He bore this anguish in silence, just as he had done the cruelties inflicted upon him by his school fellow, when he was six years of age. Then, what might have been remained before he must submit to his examination, he resigned to put an end to his misery, provided no other mode of escape presented itself instead of the examination.

He bought a bottle of laudanum immediately, and carried it all the week in his pocket. On the day previous to the one appointed for his examination, he went to the coach office to pay for the purpose of seeking a retired seat in the country, to spend the night in, and die unobserved. After walking a mile, the thought occurred to him that if he should resign, go back to London, sell out his property in the funds in an hour, leave England forever, change his religion, enter a monastery, and spend the rest of his days in prayer, what good it would do his shambles, and began to pack his portmanteau. But when he engaged a coach and discharged his mind, once more resolving to seek refuge in the grave, he could not muster up the courage to do it. Being liable to frequent interruptions in his meditations, he determined to go to the river and drown himself. He walked down to the Temple stairs, and was about to get into a boat, when a thought struck him that he could not prevail upon himself to write out a detail of the particular acts of cruelty of which he had been the object. These cruelties were persisted in secret for two or three years, and the little gentleman had too much of the pride of his caste to tell of them. It ought, however, they were discovered, the monster was expelled from the school, and Cowper was taken away from it. It may be that his terrible sufferings at this time were the primary cause of his subsequent insanity.

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[illegible]

mock and torture a lot. He died before having had three years pension for every crime that he committed. He must grind them all, whine sweet songs to the ladies in charge of him, whose name was [illegible] at his counter.

A GRANDMOTHER'S DILEMMA.

I wish some philosopher would tell me at what age a child's mind is apt to be most disturbed by the unsuccessful attempts of parents, who unscientifically advise us that we should not tell lies to children. Certainly before we are old enough to be [illegible] about [illegible] to [illegible] to [illegible] to

THE FLOWERS OF TIME

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Out in the Mind, Love—
Out in the summer June,
Where you may see the flowers
Sway to the fountain's tune,
Where you may wind the flowers,
Through all the golden day.
Trusting them, you trust
Safely to the Mind, Love—
Safely to the Mind.

Where the Mind smiles you dream,
Where the Mind rolls,
That they never also have,
Like yourself, souls—
Souls fortified by Beauty's soul,
And mine of soul,
Through the dark and the light
Yearning to God.

II.

Out in the wild wood, Love!—
There, too, is June,
But for its flowers, Love,
Sings not a tone;
Dark is the air around,
Cold, red and rent,
Like a fierce wound;
It is to it you must
Know you the wild wood's name?
Know you the flowers?
Have you ever tended there
In the dark bower?
In every one of them
There is a soul,
While they yearn unto God,
Though the storms roll;
Men call them children, love,
Left without care,
Father and mother dead,
Sister and brother
Starving in body, and,
Climate on thee, world!
They are the orphan drones,
To the storm buried;
Oh, shall no one of love
Never light their hearts?
Out in this cold wood, Love!
Tend the child flowers!

BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "DISCIPLINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXXVII.
THE MARCH.

Come earth! come away!
Come away!
Come in your war array,
Earthquake and volcano!
The dust conceals the sky,
The hail without shelter!
Lower the orrane underneath,
The tyrant of the air!

Scott.

It was written of an old usurper of the throne of Hindostan that "having gained the kingdom by fraud and by cruelty, he nevertheless governed it in justice and in mercy."

Something like the same policy prevailed in Colonel Goldsborough's conduct towards his captive bride.

Having gained her hand by force, he was willing to win her favor by forbearance.

No marvel had the curtain dropped behind the retreating form of Hutchison, than Albert Goldsborough turned toward his wife, and sank upon one knee at her feet; and though the action was deemed rather melo-dramatic, I do not see, under the circumstances, how he could have done less than thus humble himself.

The insolent abductor was all at once turned into the kneeling lover. He earnestly prayed her to pardon him.

"Elfie, my best beloved—my only beloved, you will try to forgive me for this violence?" he murmured, in a low and pleading tone.

"If I do, Albert Goldsborough, I pray that Heaven may never forgive me!" she answered, passionately.

"My darling Elfie, Heaven never records our wicked prayers. If it did we should all be doomed to hell-fire," answered the bridegroom.

"Don't touch me, you wretch, unless you wish to drive me raving mad. I tell you I am on the brink of phrensy now! and anyone may give me strength to slay you!" she exclaimed, shrinking and recoiling from her hand from his grasp.

"Elfie, listen to me!" he pleaded,

But Elfie drowned his murmuring voice in a torrent of bitter scorn and fierce reproaches, which she poured upon him without stint or measure.

He let her scold until she had exhausted herself, and had no pause for words left to utter; then he took advantage of her silence and answered, gently:

"Elfie, to all your cruel reproaches I have but this to say in my defense: I love you; I have loved you ever since I first saw you, and I believe that you love me. In this belief, Elfie, I did not leave you among the Yankees to be perverted by them, to be set against your own and your race's kindred, and your own true lover, I could not, my Elfie."

"You could! You—to leave me! that but she was too much out of breath to proceed, and so Albert resumed:

"I could not give you up to the Yankees, Elfie. I could not, my own, and so, at the imminent risk not only of my own life, but of the lives of my comrades, I crossed the river and brought you away."

"A great risk you took, truly, to come with your two hundred armed guerrillas upon a harmless country party of less than fifty persons," passionately and scornfully cried Elfie, who had now recovered her voice.

"Yes, Elfie, it was a great risk—as lamentable risk, indeed—for we could not be guarded between us forts whose scouts were out to search us! And in three hours we must start crossing, a squadron of cavalry, armed with their murderous sixteen shooters, before our vanguard. But I would have risked much more than this for you, my Elfie."

"Risk again," sneered Elfie. "I don't see it. You said that the risk was only for my sake that day was run by the only man of our party! Is it true, Miss Wray, was the only male creature that proved himself a man on that occasion?"

"I wonder, how, if that little atom is my rival?" said Albert, musingly.

"Yes, he is!" exclaimed Elfie, spitefully catching at the word. "He 'got his' I love and admire little Mrs Wray beyond all price, and his little wife better than I ever did your whole person. He is a man, I have been, and I wish the world to talk so of me."

"Very pleasant words for you to hear, Elfie." "I don't care whether they are or not. They are true. I was wild in love with little Miss. And when I got back to Washington, I mean to ask him to marry me so soon as ever—Oh, my good gracious, I can't, either!" exclaimed Elfie, suddenly standing up and bursting into tears of rage at the recollection that she was married already to Gideon Greenleaf.

"No, you can't! Polygamy is not lawful in this land, at least not for white!" laughed Albert Goldsborough.

"You are hanged some day, shortly, and then I shall be a widow," sobbed Elfie.

"Come, come, my darling girl, why do you keep up this comedy? Do you think that I could be jealous of your little champion? Do you think that I believe for a moment in your professions either of regard for him, or of detestation for me? No, dear Elfie. I have a confidence in your love and faith that your words and actions cannot shake. Listen, my darling girl——"

"I don't want to hear a word you have to say, Albert Goldsborough!"

"But, my dear, in common justice you must. Listen, Elfie—for we must make haste, and the time for explanation and defense is short. I have already told you that, letting you beyond measure, and believing in your unaltered love for me, I could not leave you among the Yankees. I could not, Elfie. And so, at the imminent risk of my life, and the lives of all my band, I crossed the river, and brought you off from between the very teeth of the enemy."

"You have bragged of it that before," interrupted Elfie.

"I could not have believed in your persistent opposition to my wishes, Elfie, else, perhaps, I should have spared you at myself this triumph."

"When you made the discovery, why did you not send me back to my friends?" demanded Elfie.

"It was too late even if it had been in other respects possible to do so. I was having run away with you, and above all having retained you for days in my custody, was not to retreat! The departure of Albert this morning leaving you alone, the old woman in the

MORE THAN HE BARGAINED.

guerrilla camp, made your immediate marriage necessity. And so, Elfie, I have married you, even by force; but I trust to win your forgiveness by forbearance. The deed is done, Elfie, that makes you my wife! But now that it is done, you shall be as sacred to me as my sister. And more so; for I will never touch your hand or even take your hand again, without your leave! That you will forgive me and love me I am sure—sure as that you are woman! We shall meet in an hour, and of course, go on with us! I will do everything I possibly can to make you happiness, except to give you up to the Yankees, to be taught to hate and despise your old State and old friends! You are a child of the South and belong to your mother, and must live among her children."

Elfie still sobbed, but now, as it seemed, with less of rage than of grief.

He was still at her feet.

"Get up!" she said at length, impatiently. "You're made a brute of yourself, but you needn't make a fool of yourself by remaining in that absurd position, Albert Goldsborough! Get up!"

"Not until I have obtained your forgiveness, Elfie. Oh, Elfie, dearest, I loved you so entirely. The thought of you was never for an instant absent from my mind, by day or by night, in the tent or in the field. Elfie, for the sake of the undivided love I bore you, forgive me; for the sake of the forbearance I have shown toward you, forgive me; and that will cost me so much, forgive me!" he pleaded.

"If you will keep your word with me, and treat—not me as your wife, but—me as your sister, I will forgive you the past!" echoed Elfie.

"Heaven bless you for that word, my darling! That is one step gained," he said, rising.

"And if you had only been true—true to your country, I should have been all, all we had early been—happy!" she added, as she rose, assisted by him.

"I was true to my country, Elfie. I am true to my country. I shall always be true to my country. Old Virginia is my country, and I am true as truth to her. I go with her where else to go—to secession, if she should ever stand with failure, to dominion, if she should be crowned with success," replied the guerrilla leader, as he turned, lifted the fallen veil, and gave her the pair of colored fifes.

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"Oh, it is'nt been true! Oh, if he'd been true!" Elfie continued to sob.

While this beside in the guerrilla camp. The men were mustering and mounting, and the women were busy with their preparations, with very little baggage, as everybody knows. Only the wounded were left behind.

In about half an hour after leaving the hut, Colonel Goldsborough rejoined his wife, and discretion, and once more presented himself before Elfie.

"My dearest girl, we are about to go down the mountain. The pass is very difficult, and I propose one, as you know—more dangerous still in the descent than in the ascent. And now for your safety it is best that you should ride behind me, as you did before. Will you trust the spirit as well as the letter of my promise to you, Elfie, and allow me to secure you by three modes of conveyance. You may ride between me, or you may ride behind Colonel Simmons, or you may ride alone on a sure-footed little mountain pony that is at your service."

"I will take the mountain pony, if you please," said Elfie.

"I will give God quite safe to do so, down these perilous passes!"

"I am a mountain girl, if you will please to remember, and the horse, you say, is a mountain pony."

"Very well, Elfie, I will have it brought to the door of your hut," said Colonel Goldsborough, going out.

In five minutes he returned with the pony, and came in for Elfie.

Sullenly enough the girl went out with him.

Colonel Goldsborough's own, gentle-eyed, sure-footed pony, stood saddled and bridled before the hut.

The parson was there also, apparently in charge of the three horses, which he fastened behind gathered in his hands. And the unfortunate man seemed to have more to attend to than he could do to hold them.

Colonel Goldsborough, approaching, laughed:

"I promised not even to touch your hand without your leave; and I mean to keep my promise. Therefore I must ask your gracious permission, before lifting you into your seat. Will you grant it?"

"No!" said Elfie, placing her hand upon the pommel, and springing into her saddle as lightly as if she were an elf indeed.

"Mr. Simmons, mount your horse. You are to be the immediate attendant guard of the lady, and ride directly in front of her; and please to remember that your life is the hostage of her safety," said Colonel Goldsborough, as he threw himself into his saddle.

"Is—is—her pony a safe one?" stammered the persecuted preacher, as he clambered up into his seat.

"Her pony is all right," laughed Albert. "Go ahead!"

The band, under the immediate charge of Hutchison, was now defiling through the narrow pass leading from the table land down to the side of the mountain.

Colonel Goldsborough, on his two captives, took the same direction, he rode on the right side of Elfie, while the preacher rode on the left, until they came to the narrow pass down which the line of mounted men was winding its way in huge serpent.

Then Goldsborough ordered the preacher to precede Elfie, while he himself should follow her, thus forming a guard of honor immediately before and behind the spirited little beauty.

In this manner they commenced the descent of the dangerous mountain pass.

Albert Goldsborough, a true spirit of his promise, forbore to hold any conversation with his captive bride.

Elfie rode on in sullen silence until her temper was tired of being still, when she opened her mouth and spoke:

"If you would keep your word with me, and treat—not me as your wife, but—me as your sister, you would forgive me the past!" echoed Elfie.

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"Heaven bless you for that word, my darling! That is one step gained," he said, riding.

"And if you had only been true—true to your country, I should have been all, all we had early been—happy!" she added, as she rose, assisted by him.

"I was true to my country, Elfie. I am true to my country. I shall always be true to my country. Old Virginia is my country, and I am true as truth to her. I go with her where else to go—to secession, if she should ever stand with failure, to dominion, if she should be crowned with success," replied the guerrilla leader, as he turned, lifted the fallen veil, and gave her the pair of colored fifes.

"Oh, it is'nt been true! Oh, if he'd been true!" Elfie continued to sob.

While this beside in the guerrilla camp. The men were mustering and mounting, and the women were busy with their preparations, with very little baggage, as everybody knows. Only the wounded were left behind.

In about half an hour after leaving the hut, Colonel Goldsborough rejoined his wife, and discretion, and once more presented himself before Elfie.

"My dearest girl, we are about to go down the mountain. The pass is very difficult, and I propose one, as you know—more dangerous still in the descent than in the ascent. And now for your safety it is best that you should ride behind me, as you did before. Will you trust the spirit as well as the letter of my promise to you, Elfie, and allow me to secure you by three modes of conveyance. You may ride between me, or you may ride behind Colonel Simmons, or you may ride alone on a sure-footed little mountain pony that is at your service."

"I will take the mountain pony, if you please," said Elfie.

"I will give God quite safe to do so, down these perilous passes!"

"I am a mountain girl, if you will please to remember, and the horse, you say, is a mountain pony."

"Very well, Elfie, I will have it brought to the door of your hut," said Colonel Goldsborough, going out.

In five minutes he returned with the pony, and came in for Elfie.

Sullenly enough the girl went out with him.

Colonel Goldsborough's own, gentle-eyed, sure-footed pony, stood saddled and bridled before the hut.

The parson was there also, apparently in charge of the three horses, which he fastened

happen?" exclaimed Abershaw, overwhelmed by the sight.

"A Minie ball. She saw the murderous rifle aimed, and threw herself before me, and received in her heart the shot that was intended for my bosom!" said Consol, in a voice of such deep despair that his followers groaned aloud.

But time pressed, pressed fearfully; a life hung on every minute! And Abershaw could not leave his chief in twilight in sorrow.

"My Consol—my brave Free Sword!" he exclaimed, "young yourself, a soldier should not yield to grief any more than to fear."

Consol only shook his head.

"Come, come, my chief, rouse up. Think of all your glorious achievements in the cause of the young Confederacy."

"It was for her—for her, and she is gone," moaned Consol.

"Then up and avenge her! Think of all that you have already done, of all that you may still do for the cause. Think what a career opens before you. When the Confederacy triumphs——"

Consol impatiently waved his hand and shook his head.

"The Confederacy," said the Free Sword, bitterly. "What do you suppose I really cared for the Confederacy? I am a foreigner. What are your civil wars to me? It was for her I drew my sword. She believed in it—in its cause of the Confederacy, and I did it, as, if she had bid me cast it in the cause of the Union, or of the Lost, or of the Devil, I would have done it. It was for her! for her! and now she is gone—oh, my God! my life—my life was not what I took you from your convent for," he added, gazing at the dead sorrow as she still face.

Then he turned to his follower, saying:

"Go and ask some yourself, Abershaw. You have yet something to live for."

"No! I shall stay with you and—her," firmly replied the man.

Even as Abershaw spoke their purposes dashed up.

"Ah, here you are, you demon. Until I thought you had already done, of all that you may still do for the cause. Think what a career opens before you. When the Confederacy triumphs——"

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"Ah, here you are, you demon. Until I thought you had already done, of all that you may still do for the cause. Think what a career opens before you. When the Confederacy triumphs——"

"I yield," gently replied the Free Sword.

Colonel Rosenthal, coolly attended by his staff, among whom was Wing—Wing, his adjutant, with the first lieutenant's epaulettes on his shoulders.

"You are a prisoner, Colonel Consol. Deliver up your sword," said Justin, gravely, as he dismounted.—My God!"

This last exclamation was struck from his lips by the sight of Abershaw's body lying in the arms of her heart-broken husband.

And the most lovestruck gentleman of the Free Sword were now gathered around him with looks of pity in their gray-work faces.

Colonel Rosenthal sitting his horse most silently waved them away.

And all retired except Adjutant Wing.

"I am very sorry for this, Consol, very, very sorry," he said, in a low, sympathetic tone.

The Free Sword looked up. His youthful face seemed suddenly to have grown old and haggard with unutterable woe. Then he gently laid down the form of his dead wife, and rose, and put his hand to his side for the sword that was not there, and then, as he looked about to find and deliver it to his captor. As he did so, the blood suddenly gushed in torrents from an unexpected wound in his breast, and he fell headlong.

"You are hurt, Consol," said Justin, in a pitiful voice.

"Am I? I didn't know," answered the Free Sword, as he rested and looked at the hilt of his wife—Zeb.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE RESURRECTIONIST.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

BY EUGENE CORE, JR.

On the 16th day of April, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three, which day was Saturday, I received an order from our chief to proceed with all possible dispatch to Faulkner, where there had been a heavy robbery, and arrest, what I could do towards ferreting out the robbers. I was informed that it had been a bold and daring proceeding, and if I should find myself in want of help I might send word to headquarters. I made my preparations for the journey very quickly, and was in season for the 4 o'clock train, by which I reached Poultney just at dark. My first call was upon Mr. Robert Pond, the senior member of the firm whose safe had been robbed. I found him to be a shrewd business man and a gentleman of the old school. His dwelling, and all connected therewith, bespoke wealth and comfort, and he certainly knew how to enjoy the good things of life, although I must say that he had an aristocratic way with him which I thought quite out of keeping with the country town in which he lived; and at first he seemed inclined to treat me coldly, but on listening that the quicker I did my business the better he should like it. At last I remembered that he must be chafing under the burden of his loss, and also that he was naturally anxious at a time when business men like to be at rest, especially in their own homes. And thus I had smoothed the frames of ten and toast as I entered the hall, and I suppose his supper might be waiting for him.

"My name is Philip Daggett, sir," I said; "and I have been sent here from the city to help you, and to help you if I can.

His morning business settled away in an instant, and he took me by the hand as though I had been an old friend.

"You have not been to tea, Mr. Daggett?" I told him I would go to the hotel after I got tea, and call upon him at a later hour.

But he would not listen to any such thing. I must make his house my home while I remained in Poultney.

This sat not been my plan; but upon reflection I saw an advantage in it.

"Mr. Pond," said I, "it had been very far from my thoughts to accuse any person upon you, but since you have broached the subject I think I see a good point gained thereby. I may thus pass for a friend of yours, as a visit to your family, and the rumors that I may appear to be in this robbery will readily enough be diverted to such quarters as you think proper might feel."

So I went down and took tea with him, and after that we adjourned to his library, where he told me the story of the robbery.

"Last Wednesday, the thirteenth instant," said he, "by the week that I have been to Wall, I received a box containing sixty thousand dollars in gold. On Friday night I was expecting, I was intending to go to New York, myself, to bring the money home with me. I should have gone on Thursday, but I was waiting for a remittance from the East, which did not reach me until late on the afternoon of that day. The latter sum was fifty thousand dollars in notes on different New England banks, and in order to see that the amount was correct, but only took notice enough of the bills to determine that they were mostly on Boston banks. This belonged to myself and partner; but the gold was only part mine, forty thousand dollars of it having belonged to a friend. All this money—she hundred and ten thousand dollars—was locked up in the safe in my store, and in order to render it more secure I had my porter sleep in the store on Wednesday and Thursday nights. Yesterday morning I arose quite early, and went down to the store before breakfast for I felt anxious to know that all was safe. I found the outer door closed, but unlocked, and as I entered I was somewhat startled upon finding one of the back windows open. I called for Thomas—the porter's name is Thomas Wagner—but received no answer while I received was a low, painful groan that seemed to proceed from near the door of the counting-room. I went that way, and discovered the poor fellow lying upon the floor, literally covered with blood. He had received a severe cut upon the left temple, and one out on the left shoulder; and both his hands were terribly gashed, and the thumb and forefinger had been almost torn from his body. I lifted him up and placed a basin of cold water on his head, and then called for assistance; and when assistance had come I took a look into my counting-room. My safe was open—the lock had been blown off with gunpowder—and papers were scattered about the floor in all directions. As you may imagine, the money was all gone! For a little while I hardly knew what I did. I ran to the rear window, and leaped out into the back yard; and then came by the outer way to the front door, and entered once more the store by the front door. By this time a physician had arrived, and after the examination he pronounced the wounds of the porter to be of a very serious character; but from the symptoms of the patient he thought that some hour or three had been received that had not been mentioned. Upon the receipt of some application of cold water, and the administering of stimulants, the porter was able to speak. I asked him if he knew that I had been robbed, and he said that he knew it, and that he wholly collected his senses; but finally he was able to tell his story.

"He said that just after ten o'clock he thought he heard footsteps in the back yard, and that after he unbolted the rear door and went out; but he could find nobody there. As he was returning he lay down and went to sleep. He had been at work pretty hard all that week, and as a consequence he slept quite soundly. He could not tell how much time had passed, but he was brought awakened by a peculiar noise, and upon starting up he saw a man with a dark lantern before the safe, and by the dash of air he knew that either the back door or one of the windows was open. He had started to move in that direction, forgetting that the money was not there, but placed under his pillow; but he had only gone a few steps when he was met by a man by the side of whom struck him a heavy blow upon the head that knocked him down. He quickly regained his feet, when the same man struck at him again, but he parried the blow. He then closed with the rascals, and one of them struck him several secret and severe cuts upon the hands. The robbers a hard battle; but finally his hands became so weak that he could not hold a knife, when another blow upon the head laid him senseless upon the floor. After all was over, and an idea that the ruffians left him where he lay for dead, forgetting the money, he arose and crawled afterwards he heard something like the report of a pistol. From that time on he knew nothing, but nothing until he heard me call his name in the morning. The physician pronounced that Thomas cannot give any clear description of the robbers. He thinks that there were two, both powerful fellows, and he thinks they had been hired by some person who was familiar with the premises.

"You say you found the front door of your store unlocked?" I remarked, after Mr. Pond had concluded.

"Yes," he replied. "That could be easily unlocked from the inside, in the way they probably opened it merely to look out; but they must have entered by the back door. A hole had been made in the thick shutter large enough to admit a man's hand, and by that they had undone the fastening."

"You say there were sixty thousand dollars in gold?"

"Yes, sir."

"And that would weigh," I said, after a little calculation, "about one thousand pounds?"

"Just about that. But I forgot to tell you that the box was not taken away. It was left found, empty, on the floor of the counting-room."

I then asked Mr. Pond if he had any suspicions as to the robbers.

He had none. He could only imagine that the robbers were strangers, who had come to come on the train with the gold—that they knew where it was to be found—and that they had had their plans all laid for getting possession of it.

"Of the paper money," he added, "they may have known nothing until they found it in the safe; but they were ready enough to take it.

"Have you any suspicion as to any of these bank notes?"

"I have none of them now; but I have sent to Boston, and shall probably get a return by to-morrow."

After this I proposed that we should walk down to the store, and then go and see Thomas Wagner, if he was able to see company.

I found the store to be a large, two-story, wooden building, standing upon the main street, with counters upon either side, and with a broad aisle in the centre. The counting-room was in one corner, upon my right as I entered. The back yard, which I could see by the light of a lantern, I found to be quite commodious. In the centre of the store the heavy goods were unloaded, there being a cartway, twelve feet wide, passing in at the front. There was a heavy receiving gate at the entrance to the yard, but it had not been locked. There could be little doubt that Mr. Pond was right in supposing that in this way the robbers had gained admittance to the store.

The safe, eight inches in thickness, was conveyed in the outer shutter of one of the back windows, through which a hole had been made, and inserted far enough to reach both the top and bottom bolts. The shutter had been left unfastened through the rush, just under the brass fastening, so that it would swing open when it was opened.

"There is one thing certain," I said; "Whoever did this piece of work knew exactly the arrangement and habits of the premises. There could have been no chance hit in the selection of the time for the job."

"I have thought of that," said the merchant. "But then a man could have gained all that information by watching for a time when the shutters were open."

We then went to the counting-room and examined the safe. It was very large and heavy, and was made to resist the strongest of pretty searching fire; and the lock had been a very strong one, but it was now a mass of splinters and gunpowder, but the key-hole had only been protected by a sliding cover, and the whole concern might as well have been of wood so far as protection against a practical burglar was concerned.

When Thomas Wagner living in a small, low-roofed house, near a wet meadow, on the extreme outskirts of the village. His wife was with him, and by his bedside sat his son—a thickset, broad-shouldered, muscular fellow, some five-and-twenty years of age, whose Christian name was Arnold. I certainly had no occasion at that time to suspect him of having been concerned in the robbery; but my long acquaintance with villains of every grade, and my manifold opinions in reading physiognomies, led me to form a mental estimate of him, and went over several qualifications for a rascal that he might possess. The younger was most assuredly "his mother's own son," for he resembled her in every respect, as far as form and physiognomy that I found to be concerned. I learned that the old man, I should have considered it the best way to keep a close watch upon their movements.

Of course I could judge of him as he lay upon the bed, mostly covered up, was a man of about fifty years of age, with a large, bald head, and a full, white beard. His features, the contour of which could be seen, were fine. There was not much intellectual power in them, but there was a certain amount of firmness, and a vast deal of determination, as those features. I could easily understand how such a man, if attacked by robbers, would fight to the death, if he was able, before he would give up. He was just such a man as would be selected to bear a sudden and severe shock; but I could see that such a man as I was not fitted to stand against one of much treasure.

He had a few bandages about his head; one about his left shoulder; and both his hands were bandaged. He had lost a few drops of blood, sir; and he was very much shaken as to his nerves.

"Good morning, Thomas," said the porter, pausing and groaning in the doorway. "There's somebody that wants to see you. I'm Hoskins' brother-in-law."

"Good morning, sir," said the man's bedside, and got from him all the information that he could before I left the house.

He had not been at work in the store for three days, and had given me the names of the two men who assisted him.

"Yes, sir," he said.

"Have you left the teamsters who bring goods to the store?"

"Yes, sir, every one."

"Might it not be worth this one or two of them had a hand in the job?"

"Lord bless you, sir!" Mr. Pond, somewhat puzzled, I had gained but little information from the porter, and I left the house and went to the store. Here the case was before me, and I began to turn over in my mind the best possible course.

"Mr. Daggett," said my host, as we were getting ready to retire, "since you have been here you have not asked me a word about your business. If you will excuse me for saying so, I will say that I am very much interested in the success of the forms of the robbers."

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A GENTLEMAN—Gentility is neither in birth, manner, nor fashion, but in mind. A high sense of honor, a scrupulous nicety in taking a mean advantage of another, an adherence in truth, delicacy and politeness towards those with whom you may have dealings, are the essential distinguished characteristics of a gentleman.

ODE TO APPETITE.

BY J. BARBER.

Thou solace spirit,
Invisible promoter of delight,
Whose touch electric stirs the gastric juice—
In stern or mild mien
Help me thine own allegiance to promise
In gastronomic song!
Sung that shall pulse-like echoing thoughts awake,
And wish in fairy sweet abandonment make
The stomach's nerves among!
Breathing thy influence as from the south wind
When through the savory air, sauceless, not
The relishing echoes of our fathers sung.

When Hiram, from the wild north-west,
Charged with a spear of corn—
An Ossa passion flung on the sky
Of Pelion's hunger-need—
Then rose, superior of his race,
Beside his fish, a great page,
And while the fishes for moist spa
Opens to greet his sickening skies,
And from warm noses, his late kindness,
Drops in the fan the quickened grass,
Thou, Appetite, with sharpened edge,
And hammer-power o'delighted toil,
Bows each fish to their inner ring.
I feel thy spell, potent as
Pretending air my inner self.
From Envy, from the whispering lash,
Abhorrent the daring lion and hind,
Beasts that before a mother fell,
And serpent, with false candor, to Desire:
Thou, Appetite, alone
Hold'st under all a blank of pause—
But yet a vision of delight.
Evoked by thee, oh! Appetite!
Here dat, too, from the spring-side brooks,
Diagonals crude and cool,
Unsalted trout are mine,
Thou, Appetite, alone, I feel,
And afterward, if trout there be
Within the pail of Shakespere,
The voice fancy can thought,
Urged by thy spirit, I relish.

In summer, when the strawberries ran
The emerald dells with rosy rum,
And round the moist their leaves are set,
As round a feast coronet,
The magic grew the fruit to rest,
And like a lake in nature's breast,
Thou, Appetite, alone
Tempt'st me to revel upon them,
Nor chose to conquer as I may,
With thee nay'st with me, with thee verbose lay.
With teeming Autumn comes a rise,
No rhyme can rhime enough,
Both work men mate'st with feathered game;
With wicked-or-kindred wiles, with lures
With bolt of strength and skin and key;
Thou, Appetite, alone, dost weary
Perfect, with universal ecstasy;
Mourn, whom death spares
Hives crowness of dissolving gold
Hung, old one might say, of carmine
With tint by birds of Paradise—
Thou, Appetite, alone,
That gnaws the pointed sunbeam through;
And purple noise by Bacchus sown,
Rushes, in many a diamond stream,
From Pleasure's wind-horn out, free,
An offering, Appetite, to thee.

JOSEPHINE'S DIVORCE.

CHAPTER VII.
THE REPRIEVE.

Lady Whittless looked at Josephine again. A vision of crowned Miss Vanes, of Josephine and shrinking rose before her mind. Josephine, that handsome, glowing face, to be—to-morrow!

"Why do you come here teasing me?" said she, in a peevish tone. "If you like to stay, stay. I don't care. But this morning I am engaged to-morrow."

"Thank you," replied Josephine, curtly, and without saying any more turned back to the breakfast-table and rang the bell.

"I am going to eat, and then to the town-hall to be married."

Nothing could exceed the joy she felt at the sight of food, warm and comfortable, she sat down and let her fancy guide emotion and thought.

Yet the next hour she sat by the fire ruminating. Her ruminations were of a pleasant nature, to judge from the expression of her face. They took in an ample space of that dubious land, the future. They were daring and speculative. But then, we repeat it, Josephine was an adventurer.

When Lady Whittlesses was helped into the drawing-room by Perkins, Josephine was sitting there at her work, looking as composed as if no desperate schemes were brewing at her heart.

She rose and assisted her ladyship to the great easy chair by the fire. Then she sat down and began to work again.

Lady Whittless scowled at her, but Josephine took no notice. At length she said querulously:

"I am very poorly this morning. I took cold yesterday. I was sure to do so when Perkins let the carriage window open. Perkins never had any sense."

"Shall I read to you?" said Josephine, taking up the daily paper which lay upon the table.

"Yes, you may. But stop! I have some letters to answer. Perkins always writes for me, and is pretty hard on the fingers. Can you pose you can use a pen?"

"I hope so," replied Josephine, shortly.

"Very well: there is paper in that desk. Now, are you ready?"

The correspondence was one of business, and without material interest. When Josephine had finished she showed her writing to Lady Whittless.

Humph! not a bad hand? was all the comment bestowed upon it.

"Now I will read to you," said Josephine, and she began to run her eye over the paper to find the best one of those exciting matters which usually interested her ladyship most.

Lady Whittless sat, her elbows resting on a table by her side, and her head upon her hand, jocularly erect. She seemed balancing possibilities and probabilities.

A day or so with Lady Whittless would have been intolerable to many people. Not so to Josephine.

Compared with the miseries she had suffered, it was a day of comparative repose, and all she did not mind her ladyship's tempers to the least. Indeed, a place in the world made was what she was bent on wresting from destiny.

In her mind Lady Whittless could not help admiring Josephine.

She had no compunction for the friendless orphan, such as Josephine described herself to be; but not for her presence considered in a sensible degree by Josephine's attention. Miss Vane was a person of no consequence; but Miss Young was ill-looking, and a sweep.

Therefore Josephine Young had not ruined from her sleep by a scraping notice. It was made by some half-dozen men servants, and was served on the front of the house.

Such a fall of snow had not been known for years.

Josephine's heart danced for joy.

To travel in weather like this was out of the question.

"My lucky star is in the ascendant," thought she, as she sipped her coffee by the blazing fire. "I shall stay in her ladyship's very teeth."

* * * * * * *

Two, three, four days slipped by—days when every one was weather-bound; when ice, and snow, and frost, and biting winds had in their own way; but days which saved Josephine from destruction.

When they were over, the old lady had found out that no one could settle her cushions, or make her comfortable, or help her while away the dreary hours, like Josephine. Perkins had hitherto been her sole companion; but Perkins was by means amusing, and was, besides, getting deaf as a post.

Then, precisely at the epoch, Perkins succumbed to the grinding accomplishment—influenza—and was laid right of.

Her place had, in the natural course of things, to be filled by Josephine.

In fact, the old lady would have been sorely put about if Josephine had taken it into her head to decamp. Josephine knew this, and she chose true golden opportunity of forcing her ladyship to terms.

The immediate fear of dismissal over, she had grown confident of her power. With a firm voice and unflinching manner she opened her case just when the old lady had begun to feel her entire dependence on Josephine's skill and tact as a companion—when, the dreary weather and Perkins gone, she would have been utterly lost without her.

Then Josephine began to ask what were her ladyship's intentions.

She thought the weather did not seem to change. It would probably be a long, severe winter. Time was valuable, and she wished to make some arrangement for the future. Should Lady Whittless would not object to give her a recommendation.

Lady Whittless had just been comfortably settled in her easy chair and was beginning to be amused and cared for as usual. She had not made up her mind what she was to do next, and besides, she wanted to hear the news contained in the day's paper, which lay on the table. So she said, jerking out her words grudgingly:

"I want to hear the paper read now, not to be teased about anything."

"Excuse me," said Josephine, firmly, "but I feel it incumbent on me to point out to you more advantageous plan than the present. I entered your ladyship's service under the most unwished-for. You kindly gave me a home when I was in distress. Now the weather should shortly clear up, and I should be glad to know what I am to do in my power. So far we are agreeable to each other, I should be glad to be recommended to persons. I wish for a home for myself, and to make myself independent."

"Don't bother me with your growth horry," replied Lady Whittless, sneezily. "Why can't you talk of Perkins's recovery?"

"Perkins will not be better for a long time yet."

"How do you know that, pray?" asked the old lady, peevishly.

"Because the doctor told me so yesterday. He said he thought she would ever recover sufficiently to keep her place."

"Is it all over?" said she.

"No; he thought it would yet you. But he asked me to break the news to you."

"Humph! very provoking. That's just how people do in this world," cried Lady Whittless. "If they can do nothing else, they tell us our pleasures is interrupted."

"I am sorry for it," observed Josephine, quietly; "but it is not my fault."

"It is your fault to want to go," retorted the lady, peevishly. "You don't! I shall spare you."

"I have no wish to leave you, Lady Whittless, if you will act fairly by me."

"Fairly by you!" repeated she.

"What do you want?" said she, crossly.

"I want a definite position and a fixed salary," rejoined Josephine, boldly.

"Humph! and how are we to be sure you are what you represent yourself to be? Where did you say you were born?" said Lady Whittless.

From Devonshire. The Godfreys of Devonshire are old friends of mine. You must know Dr. Godfrey, rapid Josephine, with the utmost readiness.

"Add a long way off. But bought with the doctor's relationship on the part of her husband, Josephine felt sure of her power to convince her on this theme.

"And who are you say your father was?"

"I believe he was——" He died before I was born," said Josephine, cutting short the lie; "but I was at a orphan, and had been out on the world from my youth. Is that going to be a drawback I cannot help it."

"Then you refuse to do what I ask?"

"Pardon me, I wish to have this matter settled. I have looked after your interests, and if you decline to engage me——"

"How tempting you are," cried Lady Whittless, peevishly. "I will think the matter over, I tell you. We need not come to any more at present."

"I am sorry to appear pertinacious, but this delay will suit me," replied Josephine, with decision. "I must have your answer, in order to convince you of my fitness or otherwise for the office of companion, before I consent to decide the question at once."

"Dear me! how you do decide! Mrs. Horace will be here next month. Mrs. Horace——"

"Has nothing whatever to do with your choice. You are the party interested in the engagement," interrupted Josephine.

"For Mrs. Horace sent you," jerked out the old lady.

Josephine was silent.

"So there need be no hurry at all," added Lady Whittless, resuming herself, and heading the paper to Josephine. "I would advise you lucky to know how the joke-stock bank——"

But Josephine had not the paper with an air of determination.

She was resolved to push the matter to extremities.

"I shall beg you will excuse me. Am I to consider myself at liberty?"

"At liberty! I should think not: and Perkins ill in bed; and not a creature to speak to in the house. Impudence!"

"There has been no engagement between Lady Whittless and Josephine, during her last attack upon the old lady's face.

"I have not been one. I have not made up my mind. Mrs. Horace——"

"I repeat to you that I am not doing whatever to do with it. The matter lies between you and Mrs. Horace. I have no one I must seek some other situation. I request you will read the paper to me," said Josephine, "by the morning's post."

"Then you refuse to do what I ask?" she asked. But for any great end we have also to do with what is little.

But nothing daunted, she continued more firmly than before, and did not play fast and loose.

"You will say yes or no," she whispered, "and I am sorry I don't know what you want. Considering how you behaved, coming this time of day, by storm, and so on, I wonder at it—I do, indeed!"

Josephine made no answer. She was gradually drawing the letter from her pocket.

"I don't see why I should be driven into anything against my will," continued Lady Whittless, still grumbling.

"Oh, dear sir," replied Josephine; "and now I come to reflect, this other situation may, after all, suit me the best. The salary offered——"

"What salary do you want?" asked the old lady, suddenly.

"Fifty pounds."

Lady Whittless gave a grim sob.

"I will call it nine with Mrs. Horace," said she, faintly.

"Then you will not be time lost going to reply to the letter immediately."

And Josephine arose, and left the room. The old lady's face exhibited slight agonies of indecision.

Her sobbiness and her cruelty were at strife. Her sobbiness had called Josephine and all her agreeable attentions; her cruelty whispered to her that Josephine must go altogether. Still, when it came to that, she could not let Josephine go.

Stop a minute. Miss Godfrey, there is no hurry about the matter. You have given me a fright.

"Well? well? Thirty pounds——"

"Forty."

"Forty is too much; I can't afford it."

"Then I must look out for another place."

"Well, well, forty, forty, forty," cried the old lady, in a fret. "Let us have done and dreamy, and I will write to Mrs. Horace. Perkins can't write. Laundry expenses, shopping expenses, and all that. Now you may go."

"I am sorry to trouble you with another matter," she said; "also, to-day of dismissal."

"If I can't do it, then; no, indeed I can't. You have no right to say that," cried Lady Whittless.

"I am sorry for it. I would rather have remained here," said Josephine, moving towards the door, "but I will not undertake laundry expenses. Shopping expenses I will not undertake over and above my salary. A reading second proceeded with Perkins's recovery."

"Then you will never be induced as a matter of course," she said; "also, to-day of dismissal."

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A SUMMER SHOWER.

BY H. G. SHEPHERD.

Ever those roses have the cloud, dainty white
With the brooding veil, veiled the bursting sky,
And the sandy gaze of the sun's fierce light
From the copper ringing the bracket rim.

Now they pause in their work and look to the west,
Where, far off, the gathering storm-clouds rest;
The mountain tops shrouded in dense neutral tint,
And the dark cloud-bank creeping heavy with rain.

Ahead of the storm and the sombre pall
They are hastened in groups 'neath the trees;
Some pacing the ground, some with heads lifted high,
And nostrils dilated, almost snuffing the breeze.

The dust from the highway is everywhere blown;
The poplar's green leaves, as with terror, grow white;
And the air with straws from the gleaming is sown,
Scattered this way and that by the wind in its flight.

The ozone, which a moment ago was like glass,
Is wrinkled now like a face full of pain;
And the battery tops of the low-peaked grass
Bend down with the weight of the fast-falling rain.

The ripples come running in haste through the sea
Up the lane, past the house, where I stand at the door;
Heavy indeed and dripping the teams hurry by;
Then I mark the first flash and the distant thunder's out roar.

And the clouds of a sudden seem riven in twain;
The rain crowds to increase the zeal, leaping rain;
The parched earth sends up the delicious hot, steaming smell.

A thick vapor veil that envelopes the hills,
All at once through a rift in the vast dome of gray;
And the sun, like a ball of red fire, sinks low,
Gilding farm-house and cross and all in its way.

And, spanning the east, hangs the bow in the sky,
Like a promise.

MISS MAY'S DEFEAT;

OR,

THE SUMMER PLEASURE OF A CITY BELLE.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

PART FIRST.

Great was the excitement and dismay among the young ladies of Beaver Hollow when it was announced by gossipy Lucy Lemmon, as a day-party, that her cousin, the handsome and rich bright and sunny maiden, Miss May Bowles, enliven them with her presence, and, in all probability, remain as the guest of her uncle at "Hunter's Farm" till autumn or winter cause found again. There was a black cloud for some months after the news had been told; for Miss May was one of the queen belles of the city of New York, and were her threshold and one companion as proudly and as gay as an Indian warrior glories the scalps that testify to his prowess on the battle-field.

Miss May was a heart-breaker—I had almost said by profession—and in the Beaver Hollow young ladies looked forward to her advent among them much as a timid flock of doves might regard the circling swoop of a farrow-eyed hawk upon their devoted heads.

Why, in the name of flirtation, past, present, and to come, could not Miss May remain in New York; or, if she must visit the country, why could she not patronize Saratoga, Newport, or any of the other places of fashionable resort, and leave Beaver Hollow to its young men and maidens in peace?

So reasoned the young ladies inately among themselves, and Lucy Hunter, whose foster-hatband fell upon its fashionable mother at the reach of the wires of her fascinating cousin, only laughed at their trouble, and said that her father could scarcely be expected to refuse Miss May an invitation, as she seemed the one that she should absorb the peace of the village and prevent its stealing the beauty of the trees and grass away.

There was no help for it, very evidently, and late on Saturday evening the stage-coach which ran from Beaver Dam to Beaver Hollow deposited Miss May in safety at her uncle's door.

One or two ambitious young farmers in the vicinity contrived to be driving past the gate as she alighted, but had nothing more to regret to their comrades in the village than a glimpse of tall, slender, closely-veiled, lordant the form and saddle, of which they caught a glimpse as she sprang to the ground, were perfect in their way.

As a matter of course, every young man was promptly punctual in their attendance at church on the following morning, and their piety was duly rewarded by the appearance of the city belle, who walked up the aisle leaning on her uncle's arm, and took her seat in the square, old, family pew with as decent and gradeful an air as if she had never in her life heard the "chimes at midnight" when nothing could found a party-lighted ball-room in a handsome partner's arm.

As soon as discreet propriety, each pair of eyes travelled curiously towards Mr. Hunter's pew; and truth compels me to say that, with but one exception, they came back again with glances of most unqualified admiration. That the notorious heart-breaker—that the successful, petted city belle—May, she was universally called—only redeemed from positive ugliness by a good-natured expression, a laughing mouth, and a set of dazzlingly white teeth. The young ladies beheld this and rejoiced openly. The young gentlemen stared; and but for the place in which they were, I verily believe would have given vent to long, low whistles of surprise. There was not much fear for the consequence to the fair ones who already claimed them for their own; and wondering inwardly at the taste of New York gentlemen, they passed out of church and joined the smiling group assembled around the porch to welcome the lady to Beaver Hollow.

One most singular fact about pretty Miss Bowles did, watching the fury of fair, fresh faces that surrounded her, and the admiring glances and cour, with that of timidity left. Yet somehow, as Miss Hargrave afterwards declared, the heavy misfortune prophesied but, each gentleman received a bewildering glance from the dark, gray eyes that haunted him through the remainder of the day to the manifest detriment of any other conversation, which, alas, or fewer, which might chance to hear upon him before the setting of the sun.

However, it is quite as well for all of us, not only that we have no good reasons in our breasts, but also that we do not always speak out exactly what we may chance to be thinking now and then.

And, really, all things considered, the young lady behaved remarkably well. I know not if she might have been stinting for some private store of coolness and commiseration for her—or not; but, certainly, she pooched upon no neighbor's matter, and was lady enough to complain of her forwardness—no gentleman cause to congratulate himself upon the marked preference once shown by her for his society above that of any of his fellows. Even Lucy, who knew more of her past career than any other person in the world, looked on in wonder, and began to think it possible that her cousin might prove to be a reformed chameleon after all. Tired of flirtations, broken engagements, heartless coquetries, and other results and tokens of her earlier and more evil days, she had evidently forsworn all such unchivalrous for the future, and was now to be admitted into society rather as a timid and prayerful member than as the dangerous being she had proved before.

But Madam Opportunity will rarely let us persevere in well-doing even if we most earnestly wish to do so. I fear Madam Opportunity, for I am certain that she read he a woman, from the quantity of stimulated she contrives to do, and most certainly she watched her actions as a student and fellow grievously in the path of reminde she was treading.

The same cloud which had borne her to her uncle's door, stopped there, early one pleasant July evening, and deposited a gentleman, at the sight of whom Miss Lucy uttered a little shriek of delight, and started rapidly from the room. Miss May, very naturally, looked after her, and seeing her in the arms of the stranger at the open door, thought it only prudent to beat a retreat. Coming back from a long walk, and a friendly call or two on her village friends, she paused at the garden gate of the farmhouse just as the nine o'clock bell rang out from the church upon the green. The moon rode high in a calm and quiet sky—a single cloud was floating near it, and as May leaned upon the gate, watching it and the beauty of the night scene, the words of the poet rose unbidden to her mind:

"But sometimes in the scene,
The scene, the hour, the mood in close
Of which I speak, there will be!"

"Getting sentimental in my old age!" she said, with a light laugh to herself. "That will be a tale for my friends in New York." And she

put her hand behind her to unfasten the latch.

Another hand touched her own—a low voice said, "Allow me!" and the gate was opened for her. Miss May looked up in the face of the stranger of the stage-coach—her cousin Lucy's promised husband, Mr. Grammont—and, taking the gate open for her to pass, and the unoccupied hand upon his unreserved, his arm, his self, dark brown hair. A hand seemed suddenly laid upon her heart, which she did not speak, and by no means as beautiful a face as to have attracted the warm admiration of a lover's eye.

A pale, somewhat sallow complexion—a low, broad brow, shaded by thick, dark hair—eyes of that order—a little more than ordinary distance apart—a nose slightly aquiline, and a mouth and chin of decision—by which I mean, not too much decision—a warm, almost expressive mouth, and a cast of chin over-decided beauty—altogether a face of that sort of which we do not speak beautiful or handsome, but which we feel to be interesting.

When he went in at last, he was of course literally overwhelmed with congratulations, and was vehemently asserting her sleepiness, and declaring that he would not have thought of it, to treat to bed. To bed she soon went, accordingly, and Lucy, kissing her fondly, left her to rest for a few last good night words, found him standing alone in the hall, with his hat in his hand, thing which, as she pettishly sighed to herself, was unusual in such close climes. That he was so tough her cousin, but not before she had left the room, and she faced him angrily, with a letter in her hand.

"Mr. Grammont, you will soon be rid of one of your troubles."

"Ah, how?"

"I have just received letters from New York which recall me."

He threw away his cigar and came nearer to her.

"At once? Then before you go, hear what I have to say. I am deeply in the point of telling you—I love you, May."

"Hush!"

"I love you."

"Will you be so kind as to—"

"You."

"Think you are positively engaged to my cousin?"

"Let me out. Nor, before you judge me. My engagement with your cousin was formed in error—unfathomed—as to the secret of which I too did no know my own mind. I—I—Miss May, you are not angry with me—you let me be—I shall be glad to be released. For what, whatever you may think, I have done no error, does not love me now. Had I not been, I should never have spoken to you like this to-night."

Miss May was silent. In her heart she knew that he spoke the truth, and that her cousin Lucy did not love him, and yet there seemed something cold, cruel, and heartless in the words. She could scarcely speak at all, and Mr. Grammont, misunderstanding her silence, went on:

"May I hope that you will be as true to me as I will be to you? Will you not be my friend?"

"Yes, I will be your friend," she said, hanging voice behind her. "I am so glad I followed Lucy, for she has found her home, and I am very sure that every one will be as well pleased as I am."

May moved slightly as if an earthquake had been the ground beneath her, but gave no other sign of heeding. But Mr. Grammont, thoroughly at ease, and quite sure of his way towards the speaker, she ran up the garden path towards the house. A few steps, and the woman he had learned to love with his whole heart was gone.

"Will you take it, May? Be sure that Lucy has entered on the age of heart must break if I did not speak—yet never kept me silent."

May's proud head drooped lightly on her lover's shoulder. Never in all her city life of triumph and excitement had she been so happy as now. All noble and himself were forever at an end; a long and happy career of usefulness lay spread out before them, crowned with the joy of loving and being loved, and the end of the matters in the double wedding which came off at the Beaver Hollow Church, two months later, ever found reason to regret "the summer pleasure of a city belle," or ceased to thank and congratulate Miss May upon her unsought defeat.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN EXPECTANT HEIR has a new grievance to lay before us. He says that he has a grand uncle who is wealthy, unmarried, and sixty-two years old. The supposition has always been that the grandniece would be sole heiress; but, as the old gentleman "is not," assumes our correspondent, "and I am sure, from his appearance, that he will live to be a hundred or ten and certain other facts, that must be his fallen in love with a charging creature, and has announced his determination to marry her, notwithstanding all the extreme and remonstrances of his entire family. We have called the matter over among ourselves in a calm and dispassionate manner. We have looked at it in all its bearings, and have come to the conclusion that the old gentleman is a fool, and that our grandniece is that our grand-uncle had better not have his way in the matter. He is going to marry over to a stranger, who has no social except a pretty face. Now, we want your opinion on the subject; and we wish to know, also, if his long-continued attentions to the young lady in question will not be his heirs do not constitute a legal agreement to that effect, and whether we could not bring a suit for breach of promise. You are not wrong as to the matter—morally and legally. You ought to be glad that your grand-uncle has had the good sense to choose for a partner of love, and in time a fine years of domestic happiness should be his. You "expectant heirs" remain as to a selfish set, and your selfishness may lead you to the commission of a crime. Your uncle has a right to marry whom he pleases, and to dispose of his wife. You would do well to behave decently to him, or he may not be so minded his affections as you entreat.

HENRY.—What is the use of arguing with your friends about the propriety or immorality of "arguing on the mercantile counter?" It is certainly no worse a single for this particular fish than for any other. If you are convinced that it is wrong, you can refuse to do it, as we presume you do; but to argue with your friends on the subject is to waste your breath. Let them alone. The Bible says nothing about it, and we have not yet been able to state, or a matter of fact, whether it is commendable or censurable. The Bible generally received opinion is that the warmer, thanks to the sun, the more wicked the people are. It is a wind—that they are whirled up into the air by the wind, carried to a distance, and then dropped in the form of their own growth. Some of the fine, rich, black soil of the prairies is made by persons who have died in the sea, and whose bodies were carried with the wind and supplies strewn upon tops of high hills and mountains. Some of the most beautiful flowers, during the convulsions of a wind storm, have cast it to alighted upon the earth, and have been covered with the sand which was blown over them, and there they have lived but. On the whole, this theory seems to be reasonable, and there does not appear to be any other on which the presence of worms, frogs and lizards in large mountains exists, after a convulsion of nature.

SUBSCRIBER.—You certainly have a right to try your luck in writing and not pay for it, but remember that not unless the desire to write poetry—a very common one—is accompanied by the ability to write it, you are likely to be disappointed. Before you can be considered a decided poetic power, you must in that department of literature at present be impossible. Probably more creditable verse has been written during the past year than during any other year since the world began, and probably more will be written since the world began. During that period the fragrance of the poetry of the flowers of eloquence and magnificent of this country has been, most the whole, of a very high order, and the poetry of the present month's prominence. It can too late for retreat, and the poetry of the future will be, we hope, superior, with a letter to her hand.

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VICTORIA.—The name is quasi-feminine.* does not relate to a matter of fact, of interest, or amusement to its own personal questions and manners. When Grand Prince Cesar, the Lyonese Prince, is in almost notice of him, and that "he was probably the best man in Beaver Hollow." But the Prince of course did not mean that the Count was of the best of most fitting and proper to be so. Many of the best families were assigned to him a more noble quantity than is possessed even by the Gouldens, the Rumsfords, the Hardscrabs, the Shakespeares, or the members of any other royal dynasty now extant. The "best bred" man in Beaver Hollow was he who is simplest, and most completely, most elegantly and most unassumingly himself. Such a man was Mr. Hunter, and the reverence for the persons of centering measure upon, and pausing at their ease, those persons who twist instead for ourselves. For example, imagine an aged, grand, aristocratic lad in London, a timid, awkward, bashful, unattractive girl, neglected by every one and utterly miserable. On discovering her, Count d'Orsay would not be guilty of the rudeness of staring at her awkwardness, better her to dance with him, introduce her to other well-bred persons, stimulate her self-respect, increase her self-love, turn what to her was before a castle of despair into a palace of delight, and send her home happy instead of miserable. This discovery will enable you to understand that "good-breeding" is not a thing of rules and forms, but of the heart, and through the medium of the highest culture and perfection of the mental powers. Let us not be misunderstood on the matter, however, and would like to be, but it is society, refrain from doing so because they are afraid that they may be in the way, or from any thing adding to the embarrassment of those whom they would be glad to relieve. We have seen persons of the best in a pretty organ to meet with satisfactory success.

A WORLD OF BLESSING awaits on the following from a correspondent: "I am a boy fifteen years old, and have been told that I had to be the best of my class, which to make conclusions and ask advice; and as this is the case, I am going to write to you. I am also a daily contributor paid that age called 'street reporter,' but I do not know as what is required or qualified. I have had several opportunities to marry and have been told that I had to be the best of my class of office, so that I am not going to be one of the others; but I have found my affections so strongly attached to one that I cannot marry her. I hope to accept an offer of marriage, for fear I would make any one else and find myself bound to a man, for I know that I did not love, and see others that I did love. Now, I am going to ask you what you would do if you were in my place. I am in a state of single loneliness, and am an aggravated sufferer. I will relieve my mind from a case that has been running over the brain for a long time, and tell you that I am from Mexico, in the Rocky Mountains, among the Aztecs, and that I am a half-breed. I am a Mexican, as you know, in the proportion of one-fourth. I am a Mexican, and I love him, and would like to be, but I am afraid that I love him, and would like to be, but I am afraid that I love him, and would like to be, but I am afraid that